My physician asked me last August what I was angry about and I had been awaiting the question for seven years. Marti Bradley, MSW, had told me the question would be asked when enough time had passed from when it was apparent something had put my life off track, and my reply would release me from its horrible weight. It was not necessary for medical professionals to agree with my reply, it would be enough to put the facts that I could establish and let them assess and weigh. Marti was correct. I've learnt to practice morning and evening affirmations of gratitude each day, recognizing that anger/ confusion/turmoil needs to be put on a shelf and forgotten. I'm a work in progress, an autodidact across range of subjects, inventive, creative, formulate long-term goals and plans, my *forte* I see now, in every career, has been where and when to anticipate failure. Dr. W. Edwards Deming changed my life for the better: *to wit:* failure is a statistical certainty, it's not personal, it teaches. I work to be a better man.

1981 I lived in Waitsburg, I'd begun building a passive-solar home I'd spent eight years designing & engineering, and being asked to serve as an EMT on their volunteer ambulance, I agreed, attending classes taught by Chief Ted Berry WWFD. Walla Walla Schools asked me to teach CPR & first aid classes for staff & students and did so for 5 years. The first year on ambulance I witness old men who hadn't met their continuing ed credits and were little more than a glorified taxi to the hospital. A taxi would be fine, it's what they do and how they treat the patients that alarms me and I seek out Chief Berry with my concerns. I begin to debrief him following my every emergency run to check my skills. He's had some concerns and suspicions and we meet with SMMC Medical Director & County EMS Director, Dr. Greg Brown, and I become a whistleblower. Harm! I acquired evidence, others stepped forward, and the ambulance is suspended for state review; I'm fired by the Waitsburg Ambulance. I submit written testimony to a Health Department Hearing held at SMMC and my judgment of what medical harm is is confirmed and upheld by Dr. Brown, Chief Berry, the Washington State Board of Health. The hearings took several days. I didn't attend. Chief Berry & Dr. Brown debriefing me becomes a formative experience, upped my thinking, recognizing their questions sought the pivotal decisions, heuristics. I am in a place now to write this as dispassionately as to have briefed them.

Medical emergencies arrived in this order: Respiratory Arrest when Diaphragm stops working, stand until fainting before witnesses and respirations begin upon impact.
I administer lorazepam beyond recognized dosages to crash my metabolism. It was regarded as a suicide attempt which it was not. I have the MC1-R gene and recognized early my idiosyncratic heat/cold regulation, reactions to common and prescription drugs. I awoke the following morning, refreshed, and had showered and was cooking a hearty breakfast when the witnesses of the night before arrived. I had a Sheltie, Siobhan, we walk 6 to 10 miles each day, she's waiting there with me. I'm out of the prescription by my own accord and recognized stopping the drug puts me at risk. I regret not speaking with my doctor of what I'd done, but did not then, nor now, ever think my life at risk from pills I'd taken. I can't say they saved me but I awoke with eudaimonia. That was fleeting because I had a seizure which resulted in several days of amnesia and a comminuted fracture of the head of the l. humerus within the socket. I slowly returned from a fog with people sitting around talking about death. Mine? I'm not agreeing.

I'm confused recovering from a witnessed Grand Mal seizure with a shattered shoulder. Remember MC1-R? We ≈2% process pain differently; don't ask. Red-Headed Pain Gene.

My Admission to hospice is the first error. The story begins here, and why I sought the counseling of an MSW. I saw Marti Bradley between Autumn 2017 and my psychosis on Halloween night of 2019. I'm uncertain which year but think autumn through winter. I've brought you to what she would learn about me as I practiced her exercises. Marti's husband was diagnosed with Dementia and she shuttered her shop before my therapy concluded, however I believe she gave me this roadmap of where and how I might recognize and fulfill my needed catharsis. This may be a false memory because I had a second Grand Mal seizure when they took the straitjacket off me November First 2019, at Selah. Twenty-three days in hospital. Great food!

Marti said I would need my medical records to explain to myself what had happened. It had all the features of cascade failure. I'd need to write a report. (That's why I needed my hospice records. WWCH refusal to give them to me as they were obliged by HIPPA extended harm to me for years) November 2019 for 23 days I'm an inmate in a psychiatric hospital telling me I'm bipolar and I've never agreed with that diagnoses. My creative periods tend towards a mania of seeing what comes next… but Lithium? Turns out Dr. Lenz says I'm allergic. Oh, I've never put that in my record, he was the Psychiatrist at Comprehensive Health in 2020. I'm allergic to Lithium. I've just realized Selah would have had no reason to know of Marti. Marti diagnosed me with C-PTSD. This is a pivotal point for you, the reader. Which dx?

I'm placed in a Conservatorship of Tina Krantz from late 2019 to 14 March 2022. Several months later I contacted the Washington State Medical Assurance Commission to acquire my hospice records, and the lawyer & I spoke on the phone for about an hour. He tells me he's heard most everything I've experienced, but told to him by surviving family members. It is he who points out the continuing harm of withholding records and that the diagnosis putting me in hospice is not allowed. I acquire my records and avoid doctors; not stupidly and colonoscopy leads to prostate exam and cancer dx, and my urologist is Dr. David Vance, Richland. He's requested my attendance at his office at 17:00 4 January 2024. Dr. Vance will also tell me I never Medicare qualified for hospice.

Dr. Vance and I meet in an exam/counseling room, I stand, he seated behind a small desk, his first several sentences I grasp his need to do a Global Assessment if he's been reading my medical records of the past few years. (…ideation, mentation, vocabulary…) He finishes his short introduction with, "…I'll be your doctor the rest of your life." And I interrupted, saying, "Or yours." He slapped both hands on the desk and asked what the hell happened? The next 65-70 minutes he asks questions of me as I debrief and I make a good judgment of his perspicacity. He wants to know the pivotal moments of decision and sometimes I don't remember, or, the nearest answer from that time is this record. *Throughout my two seizures and the amnesia I retain strong memories of overwhelming emotional content*. That said, we twice laughed to tears, breathless. The darkest medical humor imaginable, my first catharsis, *we* stepped towards cure.

Medical professionals I will use a first name, POA I understand, is a legal document, which is not the same as the title of the position when serving, and his proper name, however, I will use them synonymously.

In 2015 a lawyer I met in 1978 is retiring and we draft a new will, naming the church annex at Ankeny & Pleasant as heir. My lawyer contacts the Methodist office staff who answer his questions, they recommend their board member and his wife be named as POA. That is done and signed. POA makes an effort to befriend me but I find him ingenuine. He does take an interest in my experiments and researches. I ask him in:

March 2016- POA sells my truck online then steals property from me— I call him out on it— I don't get around to changing my POA but I know him a thief. He has a side gig as a Bonded financial advisor, he's a lay minister and knew the church was in process of being closed. They didn't tell me the church is closing when I was drafting my will. I've felt a weakening of my arm strength throughout the winter and in 1998 Dr. Camp warned me my course could be declines that plateau, repeat. Inactivity isn't a problem with a dog to walk. My truck didn't have power steering, I'd begun riding the buses with monthly passes and could wait the market. I'd expected to buy another truck and the gear used for tying loads, chains, cables, disappeared. I had no reason to think I'm dying or will suffer respiratory arrest. I did. I slowly recover to try to understand this…

24 June 2016 - WWCH admission

7 July - POA tells MSWs & RN he's serving me from kindness of heart and will never take money from me and I don't appreciate him. I'm not having it, I need legal advice.

14 July - "…patient is unhappy with care of POA…"

28 July - "… whether patient is truly appropriate for hospice service, because he appears to have rebounded."

I'd begun walking 1/4 mile to bus stop, to grocery store, and return with bags about then. That will be noted in August, several weeks later. More drugs greater weakening, high doses of narcotics and weight loss accelerates. I don't believe I'm dying, I need home care for a while as I recover from the seizure. Narcotics were probably becoming a metabolic & psychiatric problem. Weight loss: 112 lb. upon discharge.

20 October - "… tells this MSW a few days ago he was firing…" his POA.
Nancy, that MSW, had given me the name of Mona G., a lawyer who works for a firm I'd retained in 1996-8, because I've been asking for a lawyer to end the POA for weeks. Mona G. will tell me months from now she's sorry to not have returned my calls.

25 October - "Patient states he no longer needs a POA. …is making plans for the future…"
Reported as actively independent with memory improvement and full ADLs.

3 November - "Patient informed this visit he is no longer appropriate for service and we plan to discharge him. … Patient started crying, and states "that just leaves me with (POA)"
Plans made for discharge are SNAFU for a month. I'm kept in dark of post-hospice plans being made by hospice and POA.

16 December 2016 - WWCH discharge. It begins snowing.

16 December 2016 - about 16:00 POA enters house and beats me unconscious then kidnaps me to Matilda, an RN who has rooms in her house for hospice patients, her side gig. POA manages her IRA and she was delinquent until POA uses my bank to correct his clients' shortfall. Matilda told me that, btw.

POA teaches martial arts and I am taught pressure points and compliance before the several appointments I know I was taken to. I'm reminded I live alone, my guns were sold, and wasn't I surprised when two 17" swords beneath my bed weren't there when I reached for them. Outside the snow remains with sub-zero temperatures, they took my shoes when Mattie's away during the day. Her husband wears a Glock sidearm.

February 2017 I make 911 call of abandonment as Mattie has been in Yakima for 4 days at basketball playoffs, their children were on teams. Without medications I decided to break into locked cabinets and use her telephone. No investigation is made.

I returned home and the temperature was climbing, thawing had begun. From the backdoor are footprints in the snow of POA walking me to his truck parked in the driveway, telling a story. Reminded me of the story. I was beaten unconscious after I'd reached for the swords. He'd not packed any of my clothing, now I see, so as not to alarm me, as I was never told I would leave my house. Full ADLs, I'm riding the bus. Why would I have? No one told me—no one to trust. I attacked him while packing clothes and was beaten again, halfway from the backdoor of my house to his truck I remember coming to my senses for a moment and sucker-trip him to the ground, third beating. Were these two epileptic snow angels? The man who had driven me home is the first to hear the story; George Vigneron, cousin, died 8 May 2020, cancer.

Read my quotes aloud in a courtroom and ask how many complaints about a POA are required before involving Adult Protective Services. No local lawyers would touch it.
I asked. The experience has imprinted a greater sense of justice than that which I gained from Chief Berry and Dr. Brown. Willful Blindness explains this failure. Then again, anything that WWCH did w/o correct dx. was Harm; two likened it to Medicare Fraud.

Good care can rebuild trust and I'm pleased to report that Cancer Center treatment, kindness and goodwill has done much to restore my faith. Patients don't get better without doing the work and my third time editing this letter, for the last six hours, and, with all the cross-referencing— it's been as cathartic as I'd hoped and intended.
I regard this matter of nine years, closed. Mrs. Bradley would be pleased.

The cohort of aging men working the W.A. had diminished in skills to become dangerous. More dangerous yet was the shooting victim I attended as Senior EMT at a trailer behind the Bullseye Tavern. Point-blank r. chest .44 Magnum. “Have Dispatch send WWFD Ambulance enroute US 12 eastbound.” It was done; the call was heard in the clear by open-band listeners. Mayor Roy Leid contacted Dispatch and belayed my Order. WWFD was not contacted. Waitsburg is in a radio shadow, and me, being a suspicious bastard, had the driver contact WW Dispatch when we summited Minnick Hill. They move! By my measure of BP by palpation the patient was unlikely to arrive alive. We’re met before Sapolil Rd. & 2 IV techs board, we commence 200 yards to discover the IV kit W.A. is required to carry is missing. We stop and a kit is delivered by the WWFD ambulance, IV start, I help one putting on MAST, we commence & I see BP rise by Wilbur Ave. and remarkable improvement at SMMC. What happened? I return home and am phoned shortly following my shower and asked to return to SMMC.

An emergency meeting was convened with Dr. Brown, Chief Berry, myself, to consider the arrest of the Mayor of Waitsburg. Chief Berry is in adamant favor, feeling a sense of betrayal from a lifelong friend, Dr. Brown tells us he’d accepted a position in Whatcom County and will not easily be able to see a criminal trial through a year from now. Dr. Brown dispatches a WW County Deputy to collect the Dispatch tape. It is no where to be found. W.A. Suspended by EMS Director. I do not seek criminal charges for Leid with W.A. suspension and review.

The Medical Assurance lawyer in Spokane Valley I spoke with gave me a short list of what he expected me to find. 1) It will be worse than you expect. 2) There will be no mentions of your requests for a lawyer. 3) There will be no mentions you regarded POA as a thief and disreputable. 4) He probably communicated to WWCH that you’re sicker than they know, likely mentally ill (who made the suicide claim? POA; later reports me delusional paranoid), to establish *to them* that you need to keep him. Nancy didn’t report that I’d called the lawyer she’d recommended, and, on the message machine of Mona I said Nancy had. ?s

Without the correct diagnosis for Admission to WWCH everything that followed was Harm. The Admission is two errors as each party should have known better. The record shows I needed four/five months of home care. Were you trying to save me money? That didn’t happen. I’m going to write about who I should have been told to contact for an investigation, clues apleanty, for publication as a public service.

See One: Harm! *Do One:* beaten.robbed. *Teach One:* 2700 words on failure.